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to make what the champions of Italian music consider vicious and uncalled for attacks upon Verdi and Bellini, "*Il Trovatore*" and "Hear me! Norma!" as interpreted by the several million organs that have played for me are responsible. "Here me! Norma!" is innocent enough as music. It is watery stuff; but its endless repetition has upon me the same effect as the drops of water upon the head of the criminal who finally died of the torture. Verdi's biographer, Pougin, says that when Verdi settles in his country place every summer, he hires all the hand-organs within twenty miles, and locks them up for six months. It is not all of us who can afford such protection against our misdeeds. Personally, my only remedy against the hand-organ is to send a servant or one of my children out to the musician and beg him to stop, in mercy to a sick person. I am that sick person, and I am sick. In London the householder has the right to order the street musician to move away from before his premises; but this affords little relief unless there is concerted action upon the part of the residents of a neighborhood. In Brazil, a street musician must receive the consent of the man before whose door he wants to grind.

There may be noises more irritating than hand organs, but if so I have had the good fortune to escape them. Goethe objected particularly to the barking of dogs, but their yelping is a trifle as compared to hand organs. Schopenhauer, in his essay, "*Ueber Lärm und Geräusch*" (On Noise and Din) says that the sharp cracking of whips was the most painful noise he knew. He never heard "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He never heard the young hoodlums of our American cities shout their "extras" in the dead of night. A story is told that in the olden times every one in the world agreed to shout at the same moment, so that it might be found how great a noise could be produced. The eventful moment arrived and was marked by a silence such as the world had never known before. Every one had listened to hear the rest of the world shout. Nowadays it is all the other way—every one shouts; no one listens. Science tells that nothing is lost. Even endless grindings of "Silver Threads" and "Comrades" and "After the Ball" are to go echoing down the ages, disturbing the artistic equilibrium of things.

To come back to my beginning, can some organization not be formed to protect us against some of this unceasing din? Such a society might influence local legislation against street music and cries. It might offer prizes for better pavements and better tires for wheels, and in every way keep up a campaign against noise. Every American city ought to have its Society for the Suppression of Noise. I am ready with work and a liberal subscription in aid of such a movement in my own neighborhood.

PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

PROLONGING LIFE.

THE desire to live long and carefully postpone the inevitable packing up for the other world, as it is termed, is a perfectly natural feeling. Ambitious hopes and centenarian proclivities are commendable in the aged and laudable even in the young. In all records of longevity, in all histories of centenarianism that have been written, and in all investigations of a scientific character that have been made, there is no mention of a man of one hundred years or upwards having committed suicide. The longer peo-

ple live the longer they wish to live. Some writers on the subject endeavor to prove that centenarians are like poets, born—not made. On the other side, there is just as much argument and evidence to prove the contrary. William Shakespeare seems to have been born a poet, but there is no testimony tending to show that the gift was hereditary. And when the enemies of longevity write upon this topic, they always attempt to make it appear that some really exceptional qualities were inherited by the lucky individual from his parents or ancestors and give him very little credit for his own good traits. Of course, a good constitution and regular habits in early life are much to start with in the race, but many people so endowed do not reach ninety years of age, even.

Women appear to have an advantage over men in long living. Statistics recently collected by Prof. Humphry, of England, in his work on "Old Age," show that, as usual, in records of longevity the women preponderate over the men in spite of many disadvantages they have to contend with, such as the dangers incidental to child-bearing and diseases associated therewith. He attributes this to the comparative immunity of woman from many exposures and risks to which man is subject. Temperance in eating and drinking, also freedom from anxieties in reference to labor and business, are on the side of the female sex. No woman writer has yet taken up the subject, I believe, which seems odd as female physicians are now a necessity of modern times. It has been often stated, and is probably true, that the principal authors on the subject of longevity have been physicians, who as a rule do not reach the standard in age of the average man. Galen is said to have lived to his 140th year, but the statement is not credited nowadays. Hippocrates died at 104, which was not doing any better than many day laborers of our times. Rochefoucauld, that wise and observant Frenchman, said that "Few people know how to be old," he, perhaps, thinking himself one of them, though he died at the age of 67.

In some of its aspects nothing seems to be more capricious and eccentric than the law in regard to longevity. First-born children and also those born out of wedlock were formerly believed to be more likely to live longer than any other. The offspring of centenarians, if they would only intermarry with their class, might in time surpass all other people in length of years. But if human beings will not take the trouble that the careful breeders of horses and other mere animals do, they cannot expect to go much over a century.

Poor people too were classed as favored in this respect, and we find Sir William Temple stating that health and long life were usually the blessings of the poor. Now the tables prepared by Dr. Humphry afford many curious facts bearing on this subject in Great Britain. Most men of one hundred years and over were of medium height, though the well-known and generous Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore, was six feet three inches, and lived to the age of 102 years. Nearly one-fourth of the 824 cases reported by Dr. Humphry, in which the persons had arrived at eighty or a hundred years, were first-born children, one-half of these of easy, placid dispositions, not given to worrying and fretting about things, not anxious to reform the world, and about one-third poor people. They do not have a monopoly of long life, however, for a little over half of the 824 were persons in comfortable circumstances. In this same collection, one-third were small eaters, about two-thirds moderate eaters, and only one-tenth large eaters. As for marriage having any effect on women, it seems that the unmarried ones

have as good a chance as the married. Some writers think that marriage, on the contrary, has a tendency to make men live longer, though it may not affect women. Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school of medicine, married at 80, and was an active worker and enjoyer of life up to 90. The late Sir Henry Holland excelled in horsemanship at 84.

Exercise of a physical character, and also intellectual occupations, contribute to give variety to life and promote longevity, though one should be careful not to indulge in excesses in either line of recreation. Commonly received opinions are to the effect that centenarians have few pleasures. Sarah White, a widow, who died at 101, at Pershore, is reported by Dr. Smith, in his letter to Prof. Humphry, to have danced and sung on her 101st birthday anniversary. Her digestion and appetite were good, and it saddens the social philosopher to think that if Sarah had not indulged in this terpsichorean revelry she might have lived many years longer. She was an early riser, like almost all centenarians, drank beer occasionally (that probably was the cause of the dancing), but did not smoke nor take snuff.

Exemption from many of the ills of younger people is one of the compensating advantages of advancing years. Dr. Humphry states that the aged body does not seem to be so prone to disease as he had expected before his investigations. Few returns indicated any special malady. Cancers, even, when they attack the aged, usually make very slow progress, and often fail to make way at all. Susceptibility to contagious disease appears to decrease from infancy to old age. In the *British Medical Journal* of 12th July, 1884, it is stated that the healing of ulcers and the repair of wounds and fractures in old people take place as rapidly as in middle life, often more so. Qualities that lead to extreme length of years are (as might have been expected) a well made frame of average stature, spare rather than stout, good health, robust constitution, freedom from ailments, few or no doctors' bills, good digestion, good appetite with little need of animal food, no consumption of alcoholic beverages, and the habit of sleeping well and early rising. Most people know all these things just as well as the centenarian, but they ignore or neglect them and then die. It was Sir Walter Scott who wrote of "the sublime and delectable pleasure of being well." Repinings and moanings, sometimes mixed with cheap moralizings about the barrenness of life, usually come from sad-visaged, whining dyspeptics, who do not really know what wholesome, healthy human life is at its best. They are anxious for a change of some kind and so they write essays and poems, and can be "as sad as night only for wantonness," like the young gentleman Prince Arthur met in France. They sigh for a rest in some quiet grave, some lonely churchyard, and hope to reach it soon, and the reading public hope they will. One of the finest of Edgar Poe's poems is marred in the last stanza by the loathsome longing of a lusty lover (Poe was fond of alliteration) to lie down by the side of a dead bride in a sepulchre by the sounding sea, etc. Poe, like Byron, Burns, and Raphael, died between thirty-six and forty. If one has genius, he cannot expect longevity, it seems. Nature does not aggregate her benefits, but scatters her best gifts.

Perhaps people are not so much to blame after all if they do not like life when they are generally ill. It is those who tingle to the finger tips with the ecstasy of mere physical existence to whom the world beyond the Black Curtain presents no attractions. The old legend of the Wandering Jew has been looked upon as a remarkably sad story. But why so? He was said

to have been punished by being ordered to remain on earth. To live for centuries in this world, where you are pretty well acquainted, enjoy good health, and have plenty of money, is surely better than dying and running the risk of going to some place that you don't know anything about, and concerning which you cannot get any trustworthy information. Dying, when you look at it from a strictly scientific point of view, is a very dangerous experiment. Oh, life is so sad, so monotonous, it is urged—perhaps to some people; but death is a good deal more monotonous.

We will now return to our muttons, of which persons desiring to reach the very finest quality of old age will take very little or none.

An English novelist, who writes for *The Illustrated London News*, in commenting on my essay on the art of living as long as you can, seems inexpressibly saddened. Two hundred years! "This is alarming to those who have had enough of it after threescore and ten," he exclaims. And then he wants to know what men are to do in the second century, and blames the writer for not suggesting some occupation for them. Does he suppose I am going to open an employment office for centenarians? If a man is told (no fee demanded) that if he follows certain suggestions he may reach the age of two hundred years, or one hundred and fifty, or even one hundred, he need not take the whole course if he has not a stomach for it. At a hundred he may sigh for a quiet spot and ring for a doctor and a hearse. Neither need he make such ado about being deprived of roast beef. He will have the exquisite urbanity to remember that according to M. Du Chaillu the gorillas, the most manlike of all the African or Asian apes, even to their teeth, are strict vegetarians, living on fruits and nuts entirely, and a stronger, braver, and bolder fellow does not tread the soil of Africa than a well-born gorilla of the best breeds. Eating dead hogs and cattle and poor innocent sheep may be the test of high and florid civilization, but it is not at all necessary to the cult of centenarianism. All Professor Humphry's choicest specimens, as he tells us (and I think Sir Geo. Murray Humphry, M. D., F. R. S., is rather proud of it too), were small meat eaters. However, I do not insist on a strict vegetarian and fruit diet. Adam and Eve tried it, and sin and death are said to have entered the world by reason of that particular "fruit" of which they were told to try a sample. We may leave the rest to the theologians, Professor Humphry, and Mr. Grant Allen, the latter of whom, in a late magazine article, objects to earth burial and seems to prefer being burned after death. Perhaps he may be gratified. To return again to our muttons. The English novelist referred to previously must be getting old, too old to read small print and profit by my suggestions, for he quotes from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that I recommend two or three "*thimblefuls*" of distilled water, when it was plainly printed "*tumblerfuls*."

Diluted phosphoric acid was suggested, the word diluted being carefully omitted—English fair play! If he will refer to the Bible he will find that it is nowhere stated that Adam and Eve ate apples, but the "fruit" of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Neither did Job live 150 years after his troubles, as he says, but only 140. Before Job's diabolical experiences he had married and had seven sons and three daughters, so that he must have been about 200 when he died. As to his marrying again and having a second supply of seven sons and three daughters, I find no record of it. Some "young men" were killed in the first chapter, but the sons and daughters mentioned in the last chapter are evidently the original stock. Mrs. Job was not amiable, but she

was no doubt a respectable centenarian. Job's history was translated by the English, and not by the Americans, and the same gentlemen state that Adam lived 930 years! The English may have made some mistakes just as the novelist did, in reference to "fruit" and the domestic trials of the patriarch. Nothing helps so much in undertaking a course of training for longevity as a strict diurnal use of the truth. What would science be without it? Galileo is the only scientist who ever saved his life by economy in the use of it. Considering the very peculiar circumstances at Rome in 1633, Galileo has been long since excused and forgiven, for he was seventy years old, broken by disease, and in dread of Inquisition horrors. As many have wondered what was to be eaten if foods heavy with nitrogenous elements are to be prohibited, it may instruct us to know what that eminent French chemist, who lived to be over 100, Monsieur Chevreul, was in the habit of taking in his latter years.

In the London *Times* of September 1, 1888, it was stated that Monsieur Chevreul had entered his 103d year. His health was then excellent; he eats and drinks heartily, sleeps well, drives daily in a one-horse chaise. (Let no frivolous joker here assert that Monsieur Chevreul was only a "one-horse" centenarian.) He rises early, takes a plate of soup, goes to bed again and sleeps till noon, then breakfasts off two eggs and minced meat, at four takes a bowl of milk and two biscuits, lies down again for two hours, then has another plate of soup and goes to bed for the night. On September 4, 1888, he visited the Sanitary Exhibition in Paris and arm-in-arm with a friend he mounted the stairs and walked all through the Exhibition.

From which it seems that because a man is 103 years old he need not sit up in a chimney corner and fret, as so many people we know do when they are not more than 60 or 70. It may be said this report of *The Times* shows the old gentleman used to eat minced meat, and there is no mention of his having used distilled water or diluted phosphoric acid. All of this is true, but if Monsieur Chevreul had only used distilled water, say three tumblerfuls a day, with ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each (it is not at all unpleasant to take) he might have been alive yet. He is now dead. Only a centenarian can presume to say that the daily use of water loaded with carbonate of lime and other earthy salts is not injurious to the human system. In early life protein food—that is, food of a nitrogeneous character—is necessary to build up the muscles and bones.

But in old age one is apt to get too much of the nitrogenous substance in food, which has a tendency to overload the blood with earthy salts, and thus clog and impede the action of the heart and arteries. Distilled water prevents bad secretions, and, by its affinity for oxygen, fibrinous and gelatinous deposits are eliminated. It is also useful in checking the formation of stone in the bladder and kidneys. Most people at first think distilled water very insipid. It may be admitted that it has not the peculiar, pungent original flavor of Limberger cheese. But think of the atrocious mixtures of the doctors. A table of all the various kinds of foods and fruits that are deficient in excessive nitrogenous compounds, and thus suitable for people of sixty and upwards, will be prepared shortly and submitted to the public who prefer to take precaution in lieu of pills. Nearly every American will confess that we eat too much meat. If a diet of various savory fruits were more indulged in, there would be just as much work done, and the doctors would not live in such fine houses. In the next century physicians will perhaps be paid salaries for keeping people in good

health, not for drugging them out of disease. Some writers on longevity have discussed the subject of marrying widows in contra-distinction to maidens. Not having been able to examine any statistical groupings of figures on this delicate topic, it is not possible to express an opinion. If any modern government has instructed its census-takers to collect such facts, I have not seen them. So that whether marrying widows has any influence in prolonging a man's life or shortening it is still an open question.

In concluding, however, it may be stated that two of the greatest men of modern times, Washington and the First Napoleon, both married widows. One of them got a divorce and survived his spouse several years ; the other died before his wife.

As according to Professor Huxley—but let him speak for himself : “ Whatever part of the animal structure, whether series of muscles or viscera, we select as a basis of comparison, the result is the same. The lower monkeys and the gorilla differ far more widely than do the gorilla and man.” Hence the grand contention that if man would return to his primitive food condition, and eat such things as the gorilla does, nuts and fruits and no flesh (see what enormous strength he has !) it would be better for man. He would be healthier, stronger, and consequently live longer. Professor Garner, who has just been living (1893) among these curious creatures and collecting by phonograph specimens of their language, may, perhaps, be able to tell us something more of their dietary habits than Mousieur Du Chaillu. At all events it is an indisputable fact that the gorilla is larger and stronger than any man. However, the opponents of the nut and fruit theory will say (of course they will) that he gets excess of physique by a sacrifice of brain and personal beauty. A gorilla is not handsome, it must be admitted, and he can't write books. Whether any of them ever live to be a hundred years old we may never know unless Professor Garner's phonograph shall inform us.

Sir James Crichton Browne, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., in his address on “ Old Age,” published in the *British Medical Journal*, October 3, 1891, seems to think that “ Flourens' conclusion that man is entitled to a century of existence was, it must be maintained, substantially correct. Buffon thought that the duration of life was six or seven times that of growth. Hufeland thought eight times. It is probably about five times. In the good days coming, when sanitary wisdom shall prevail, numbers of our species may be able to count on a round hundred years of wholesome, happy life, and an old age, tranquil and interesting, unmarred by the morbid accessories which are now generally attached to it.” Let us all hope Sir James may live to see the good days coming !

WILLIAM KINNEAR.